## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



As time begins to unravel, everything around me blurs, and this gradual fading serves as a veil, concealing the pain that is tightly bound within the fragile confines of my mind. Here, in this dimly lit refuge, I grapple with the remnants of my outdated notions about suffering, particularly the plight of children, while simultaneously battling an insidious addiction to Red Curry Pancake Paste that has

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



eroded the few remaining neurons in my brain. From the other side of this mental prison, you observe our struggles with a smirk, indifferent to our desperate cries for liberation. We yearn for the key to this gate, hoping it will allow us to break free and transform the world around us, yet you remain unmoved, watching us bleed as we fight against the chains of our own making.

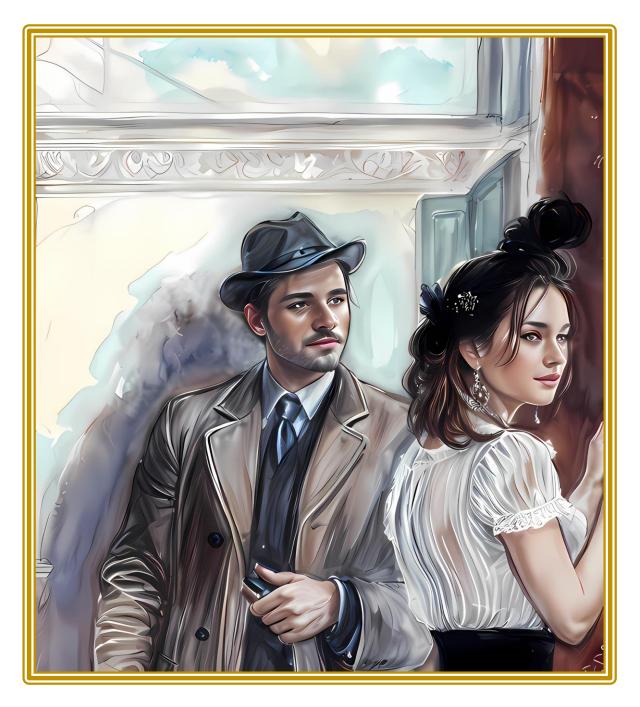
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



I often find myself haunted by the memory of the old man, his voice echoing through the stillness of the park as he stood resolutely on his vacant bench.

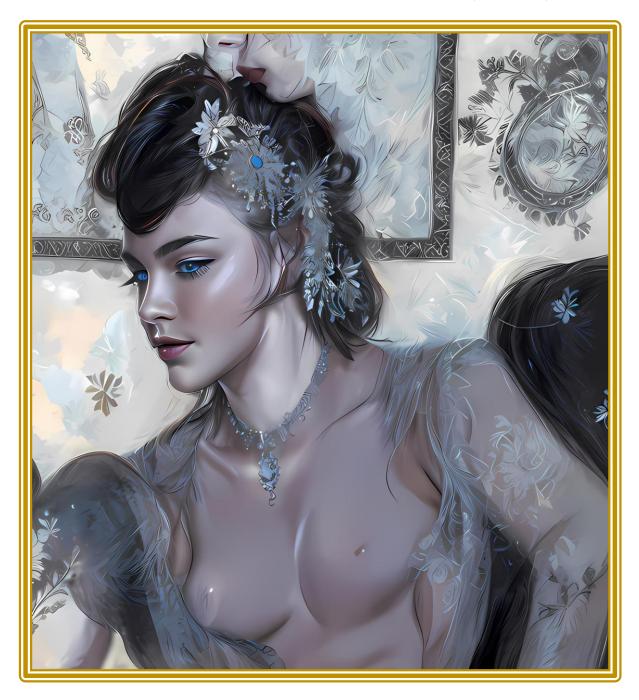
He would admonish me to mature, to embrace a dose of common sense, insisting that I needed to confront the harsh truth: individuals like me were perpetually flawed, mere shadows in the fabric of society.

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



To him, we were nothing more than a monthly gathering of disheartened drifters, incapable of grasping the reins of power, even if the world around us crumbled in chaos, as if some divine intervention had abandoned us to our fate. His words, laden with a mix of disdain and pity, painted a bleak picture of our existence, suggesting that we were destined to remain lost, wandering aimlessly in a world

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



that had long since turned its back on us.

Earlier today, I took a moment to observe the town's notorious figure, a relic of its rougher days, as he lounged by the abandoned train tracks. He was singing an unusual tune from the infamous adult film and prison drama "Women in Chains," his voice echoing against the desolate landscape.

Clutched in his hand was a

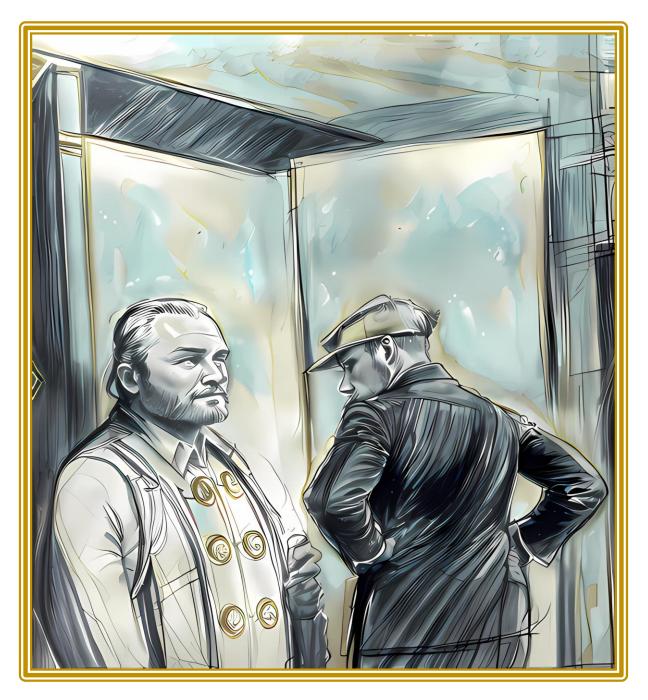
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



long-bladed pocket knife, a testament to his rugged persona, while a gambler's pistol was tucked securely in his boot, hinting at a life steeped in risk and danger. With a sudden burst of energy, he shouted "Famous Last Words!" into the emptiness, directing his proclamation toward the opposite side of the tracks.

I couldn't help but wonder if there was someone hidden

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN

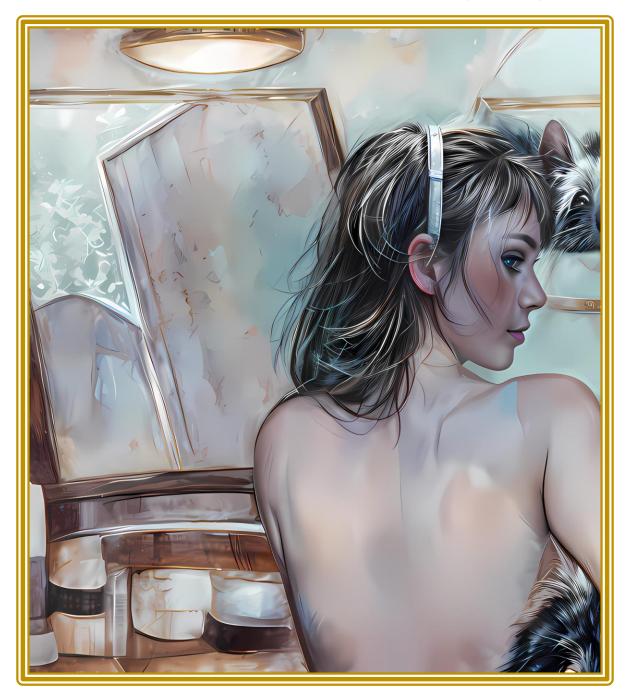


just around the corner, out of my line of sight, who might have been the intended audience for his dramatic outburst.

Let me clarify this for you, campers: Miss Pessimist Pam never explicitly claimed that Brian Wilson's closest drinking companions were a group of old junkyard dogs he had generously rescued from the animal shelter.

As a founding member of the

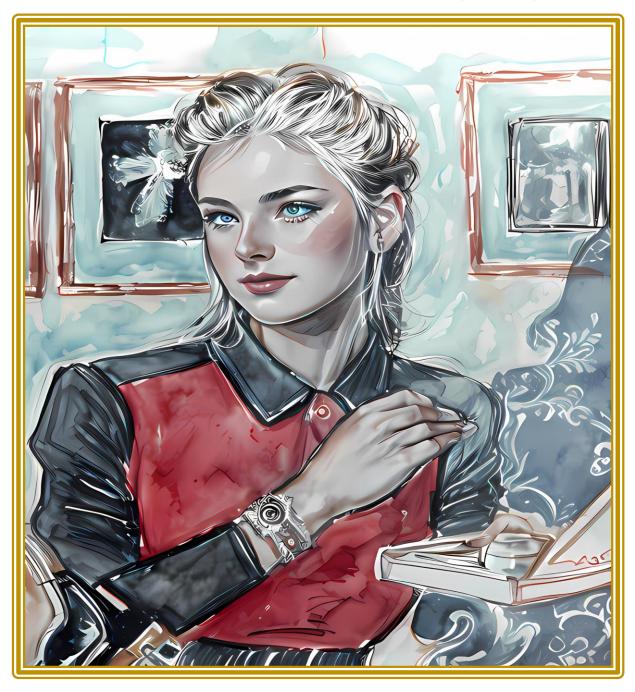
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



Palmdale Chapter of the outlawed Jesuits of Truth, I can assert with certainty that this scenario simply did not occur, despite what the Rolling Stones journalist may have reported.

He was not present at the scene, and even if he had been lurking in the background, I would venture to suggest that he might have been the one responsible for introducing Charlie Mason and his band of

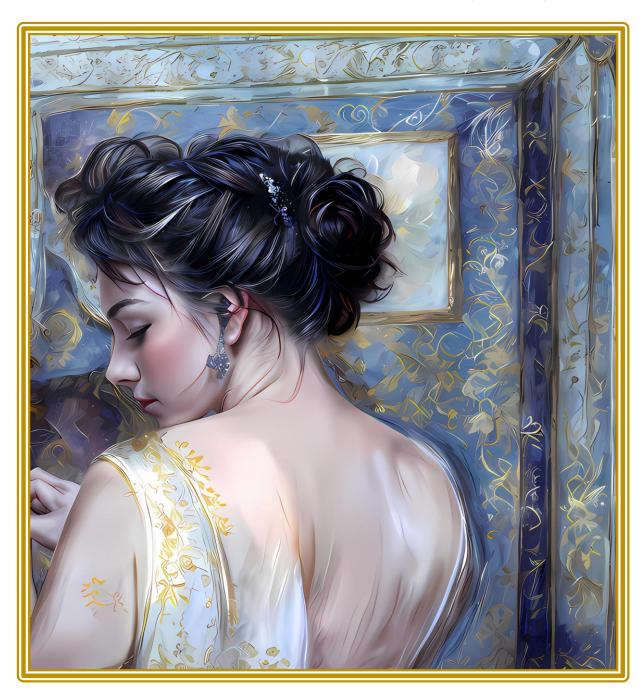
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



drug-fueled misfits to the mansion.

It is evident that among you gathered here at this press conference are the selfproclaimed elite of rock and roll, a collection of opportunists and schemers intent on aiding Ahriman's WEF enforcers in diminishing my social credit score or pushing me from the comforts of Eden into the harsh expanse of unfiltered thoughts and free

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN

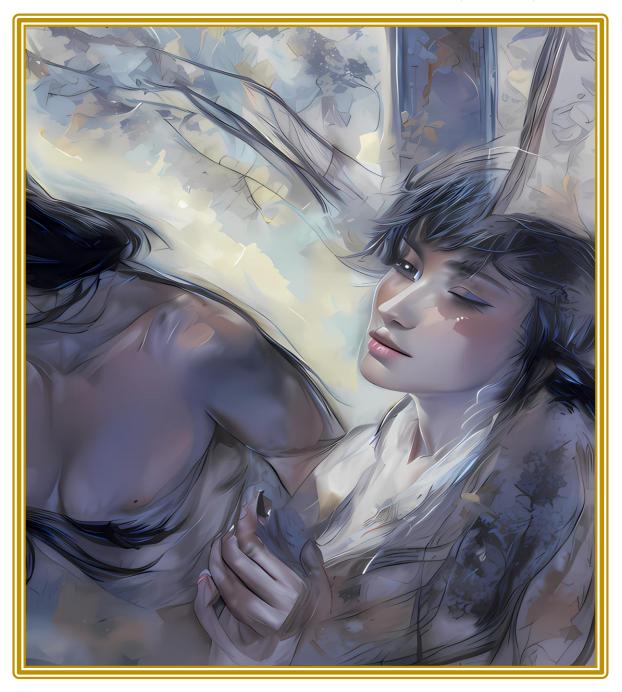


#### expression.

You may attempt to tarnish my reputation by portraying me as a mere small fish out of my familiar pond, suggesting it is absurd for me to engage with the so-called power brokers who, in reality, are nothing more than inflated entities spouting opinions that are not their own.

If they truly held original thoughts, why would they feel the need to refer to a

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



publication like Rolling Stone, which has long been a bastion of elitism?

Your efforts to undermine me only highlight the lengths to which you will go to protect your fragile status quo.

As I spoke, a profound realization washed over me

realization washed over me, akin to tumbling down a rabbit hole of thought.

I began to wonder if this experience was a peculiar form of déjà vu, as if I had traversed

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



this very moment before, accompanied by the enigmatic Lords of Karma, who served as my backing band from the lower realms of the Multiverse.

Alongside them, my own somewhat shabby guardian angel, fresh off her Greyhound bus from Tulsa, harmonized with the ensemble, lending her voice to the mix.

Together, we formed a vibrant three-chord chorus, seamlessly

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN

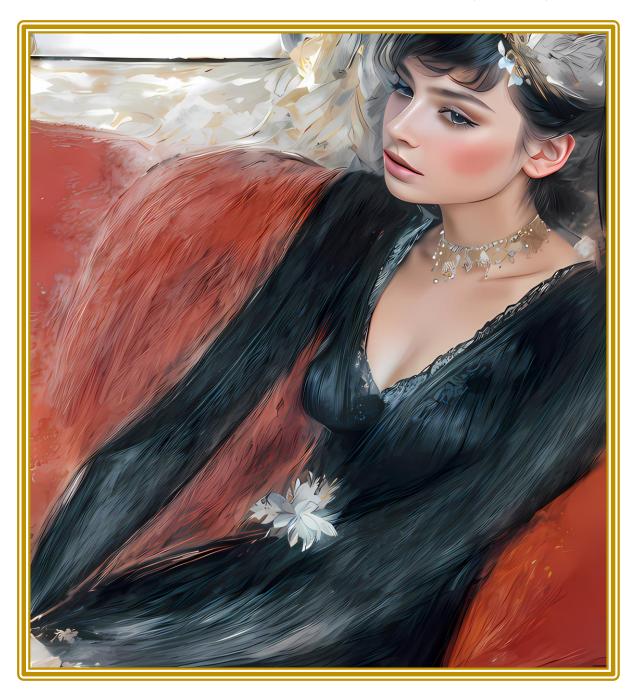


blending the ethereal with the earthly.

I boldly infused this musical tapestry with the salty essence of old sea shanties, tales of pirates whose blood thirsts for the thrill of discovering a new star on their midnight watch, illuminating the darkness with the promise of adventure and the unknown.

It often appears that there is a kernel of truth in your observations regarding my

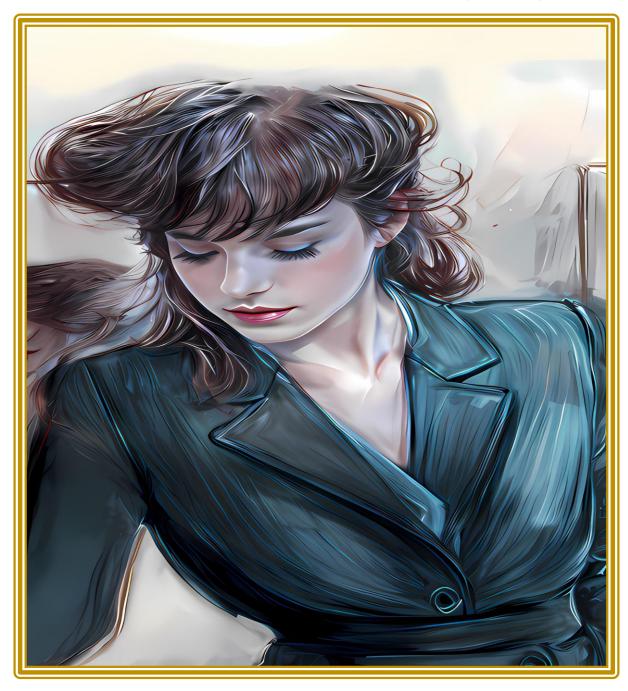
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



tendency to let the remnants of my past seep into my current circumstances. I find myself apathetically allowing these memories, akin to a graveyard of bygone experiences, to intermingle with the cheap symbols of my struggles—like the discount ashes and sackcloth I picked up at the Dollar Store.

This unrestrained blending seems to joyfully dismantle my aspirations, undermining the

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



high-value dreams I hold for my future.

The weight of this past, rather than serving as a lesson, often feels like a relentless force that drags me down, leaving me to grapple with the dissonance between my ambitions and the shadows of what once was. The Right Reverend Mister Ike once posed a thoughtprovoking question to me, suggesting that the concept of free will might merely be a

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



cruel jest orchestrated by God.

He argued that our lives are
not the result of our own
choices but rather a
predetermined narrative,
scripted eons ago, in which we
play insignificant roles akin to
minor characters in a grand
play.

This perspective painted a rather bleak picture of existence, where our actions and decisions are merely echoes of a story already

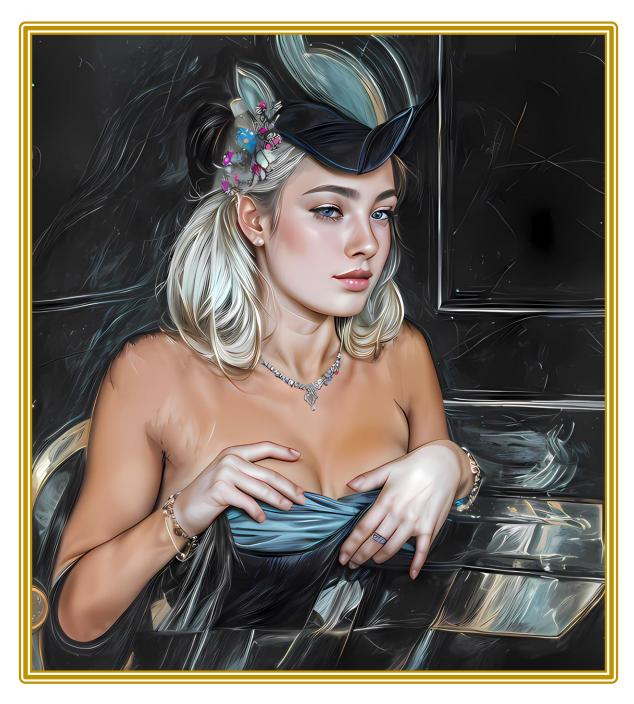
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



written in the sacred texts. In response, I contemplated whether my own beliefs align more closely with the notion that life resembles a series of disappointing summer reruns, where the feeling of déjà vu serves as a reminder of the repetitive nature of our experiences.

This reflection led me to question the authenticity of our perceived autonomy and the extent to which we are

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN

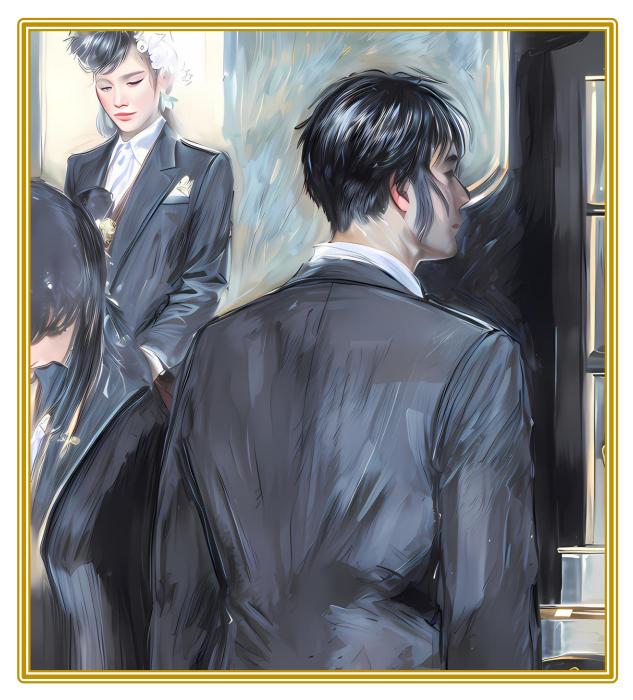


# truly the authors of our destinies.

Determining who holds the truth in this debate is a complex matter, and I would venture to say that the reality of the situation transcends both Reverend Ike and my own understanding.

Neither of us claims to possess a direct line to the divine, such as a 1-900 number to call God, which leaves us in a position of uncertainty.

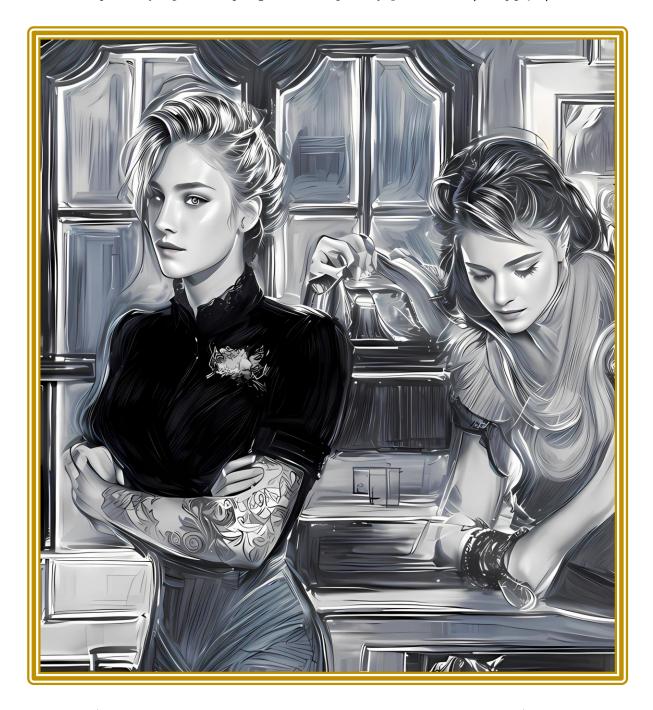
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



The truth may very well be something that eludes our grasp, akin to waiting for a press conference from the celestial realm, where the answers we seek could be revealed.

In the absence of such divine communication, we are left to navigate our beliefs and interpretations, acknowledging that the ultimate truth may remain beyond our reach.

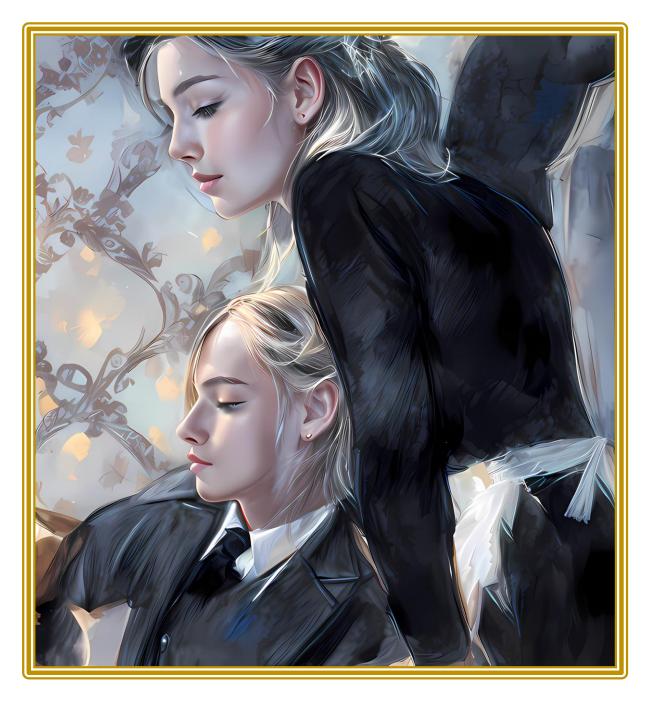
#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



As Reverend Ike turned to walk away, I felt compelled to emphasize the gravity of the situation.

We stand on the brink of a critical juncture; the metaphorical spear has been cast across the red line that once shielded us from Ahriman's insidious designs. These plans, cloaked in the guise of promoting happiness, peace, and harmony, threaten to strip us of the very modern

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



technologies that Satan has provided, which, ironically, have contributed to our discontent.

The malevolent marketing tactics of Satan's so-called "Mod Squad" have twisted Ahriman's words, distorting his intentions in a way that he himself was unaware of, thanks to an open microphone that captured his unguarded moment.

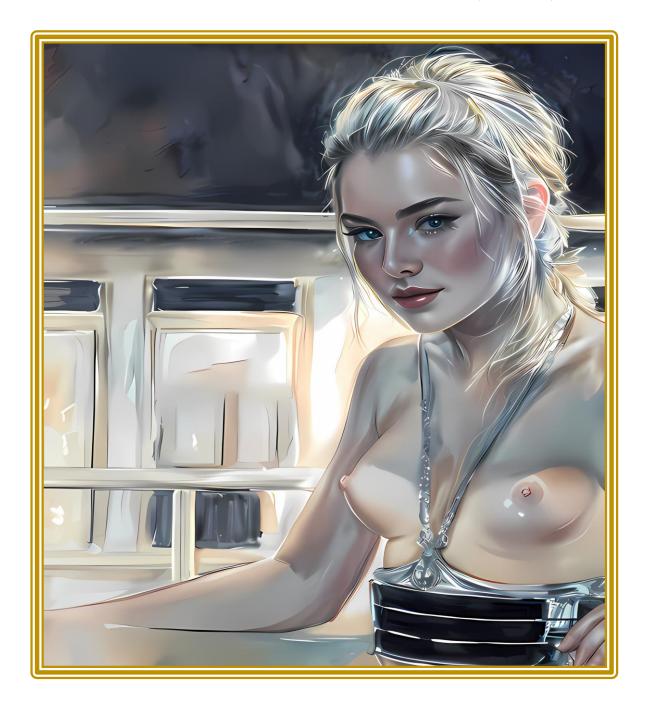
This manipulation of truth

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



serves as a stark reminder of the precarious balance we must maintain in our fight against such dark forces. I implored the revelers who had paused to hear my voice, raised in frustration as Reverend Ike slipped away from view. Sensing that I had captured the attention of a new audience, I embarked on a futile attempt to enlighten the intoxicated

#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



and disoriented crowd that had gathered around me. Their murmurs filled the air, punctuated by comments like, "How rude! I wonder what drugs he's on?" It was clear that my efforts to convey a serious message were met with skepticism and judgment, as the haze of alcohol and substances clouded their perceptions. Despite the challenge, I pressed on, determined to cut

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



through the fog of their revelry and share my thoughts, even if it felt like shouting into the void.

I quickly adjusted my pace and began to articulate my thoughts, acknowledging the truth of my transformation. I had even contemplated the possibility of remaining in isolation, hidden away in a secret, undisclosed location. However, everything changed when Ladybird Johnson's

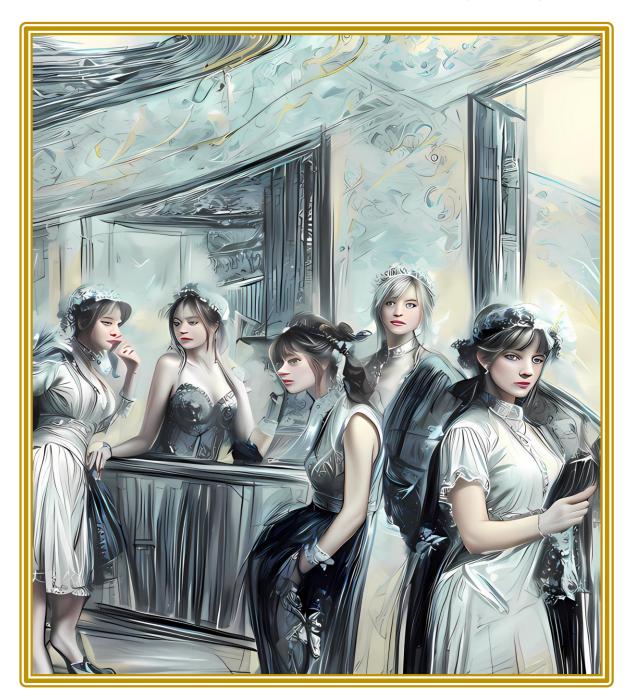
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



great-great-granddaughter discovered me and conveyed a message she claimed originated from a concealed realm, one that exists apart from our known reality. Her warning was dire, foretelling an impending apocalypse. I understand how bizarre this may sound to some.

"This is your moment to choose, my friends: will you embrace the truth, or will you

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



accept the narrative dictated by state media, like CNNister?" As I glanced upwards, I noticed the event security personnel rushing towards me with a sense of urgency. Once they reached me, they quickly assessed the situation and presented me with a choice: I could either leave on my own accord or be taken to the infamous Penang Drunk Tank, a place renowned for

#### GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025

providing a temporary refuge

# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



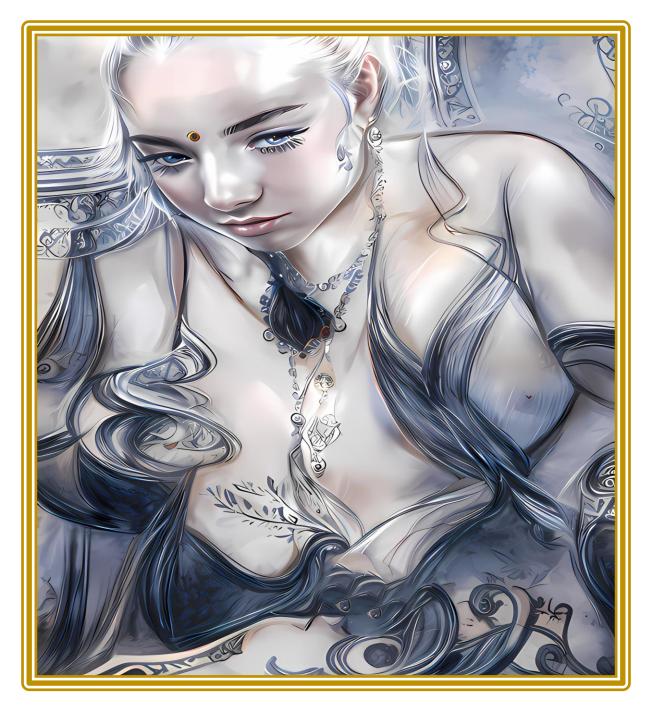
for those who had overindulged. The decision was mine to make, and they addressed me with a casual familiarity, calling me "Bubba." In that moment, I paused to reflect on my predicament, my mind drifting to a simple yet profound thought: "Goodnight!"

- Emil, 2025

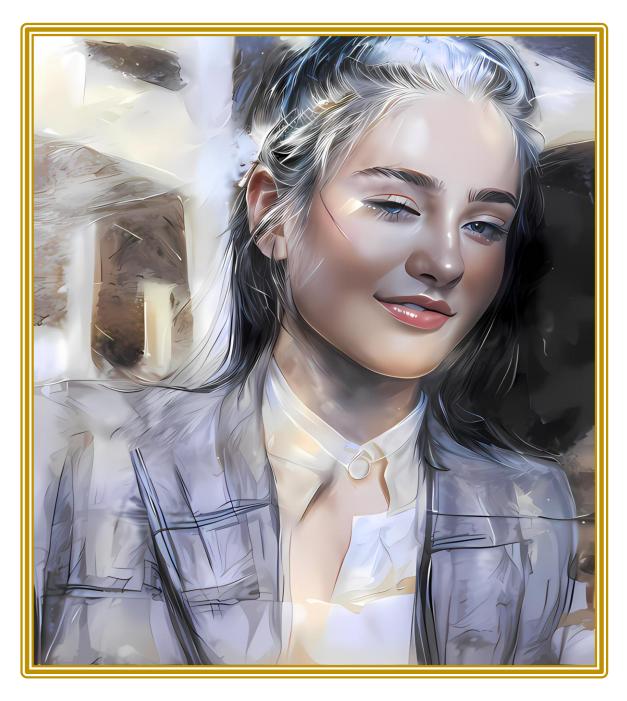
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



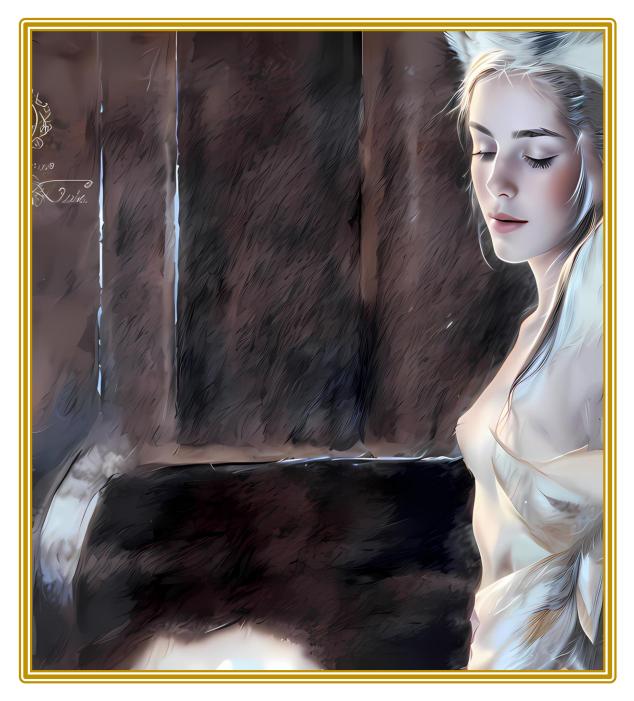
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



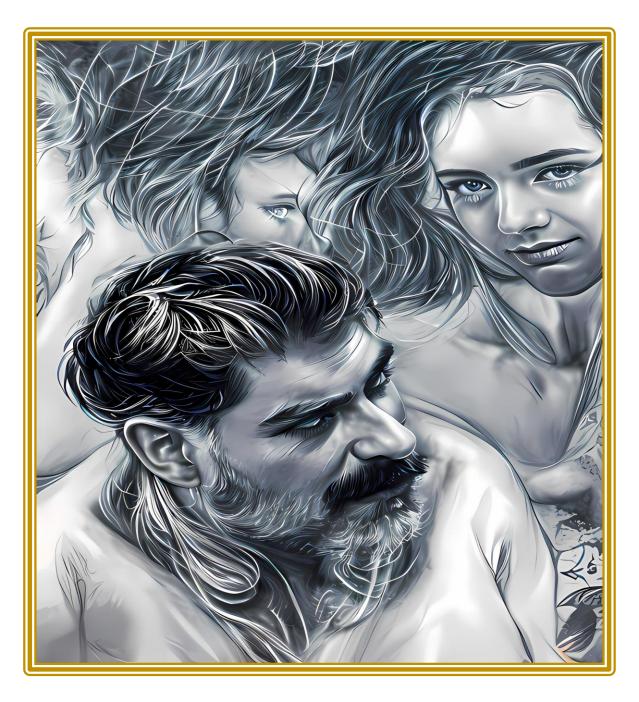
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



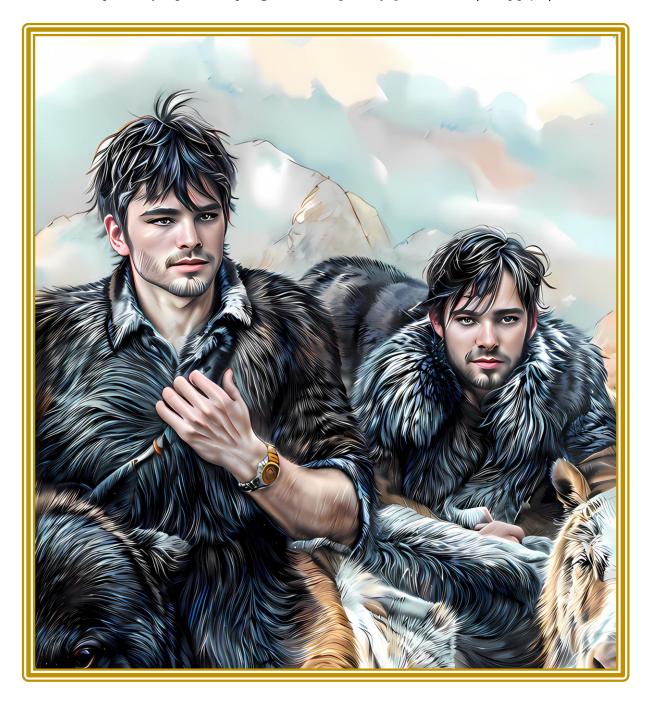
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



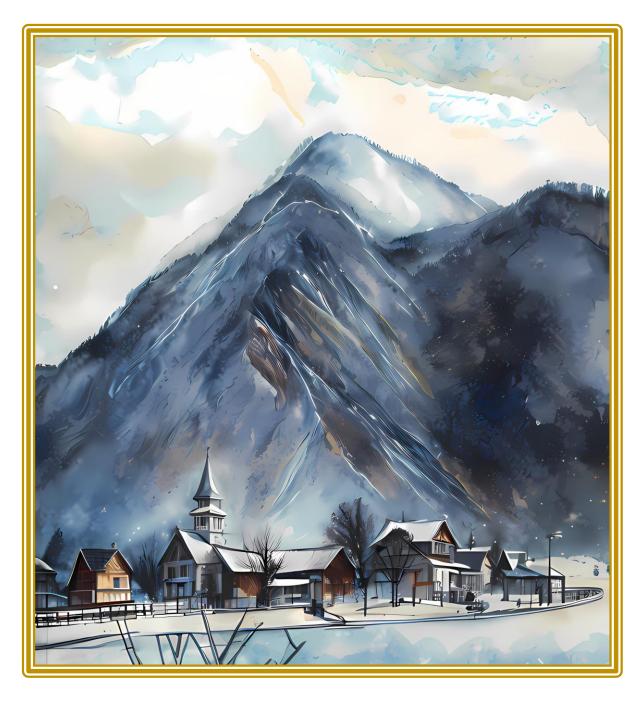
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



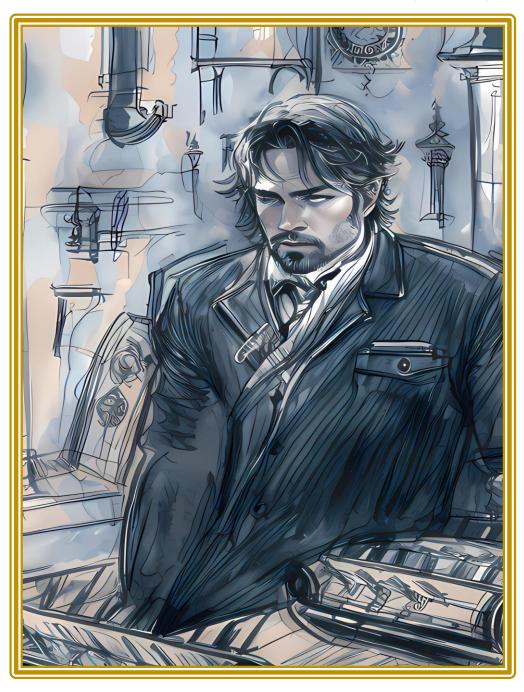
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



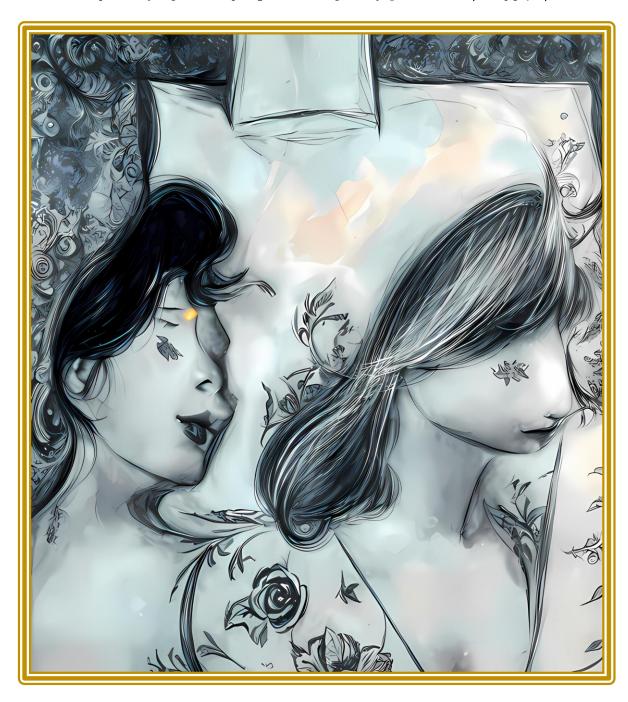
#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



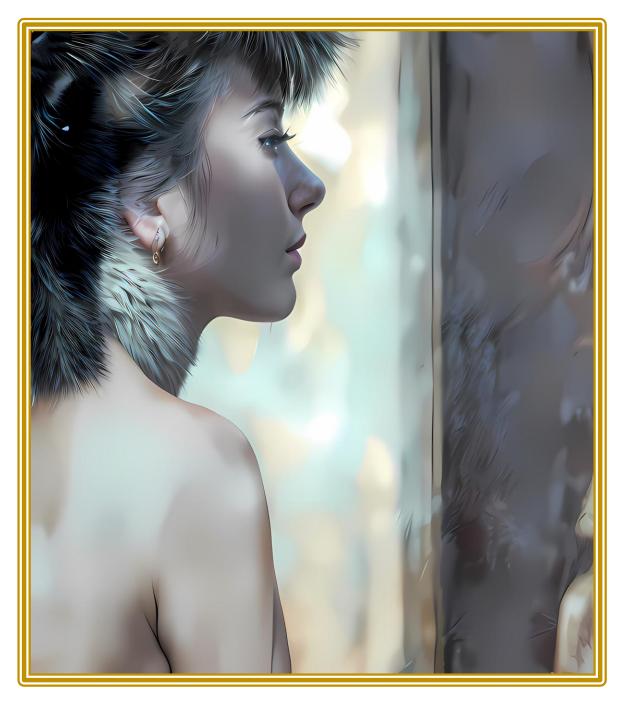
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



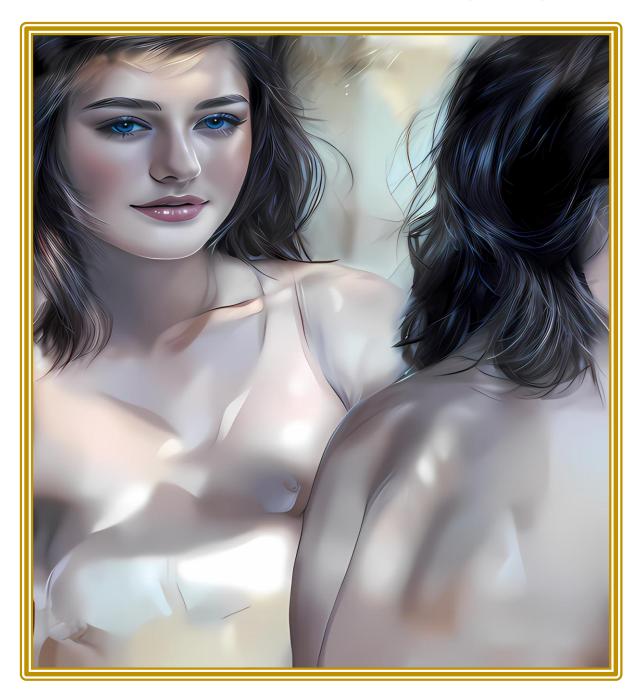
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



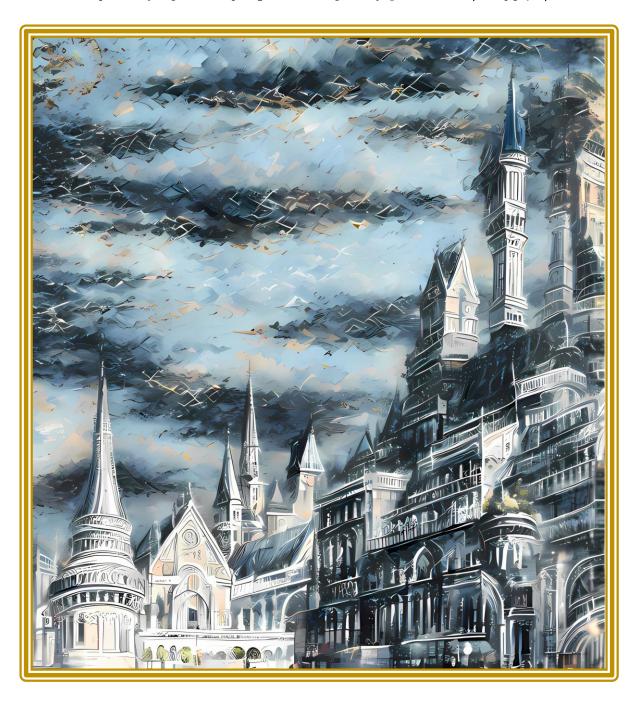
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



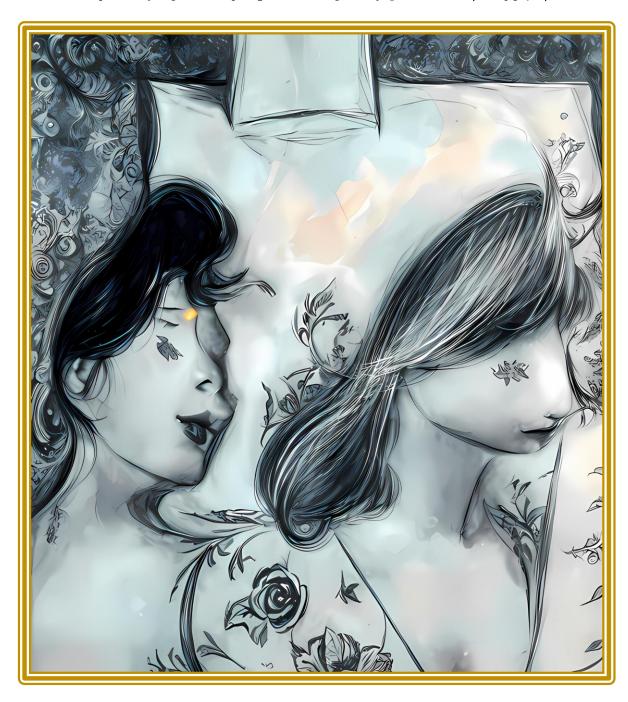
# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



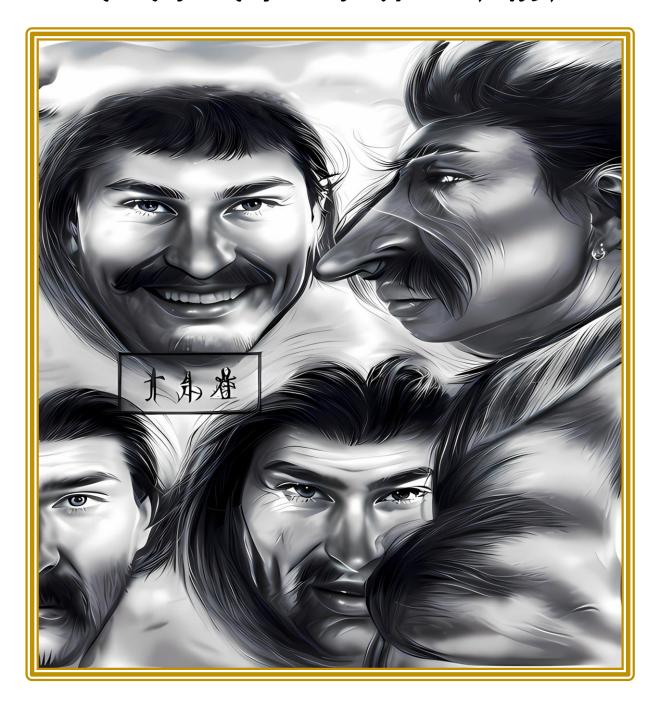
#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



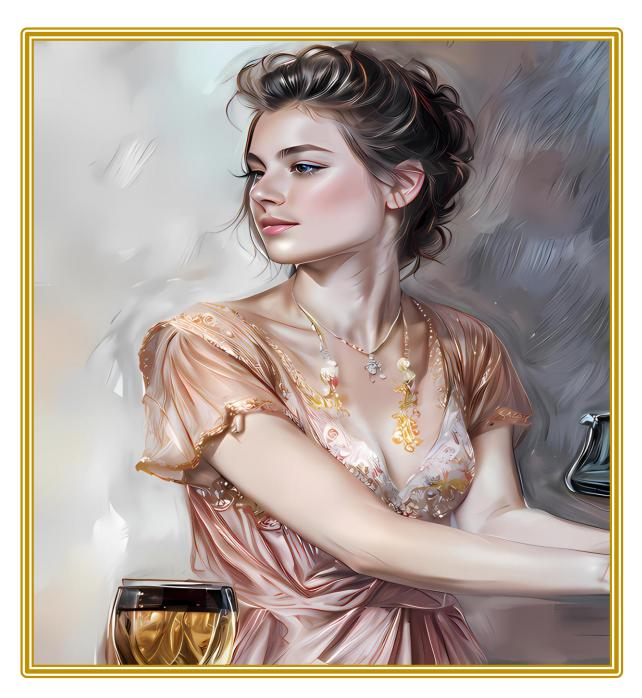
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



#### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



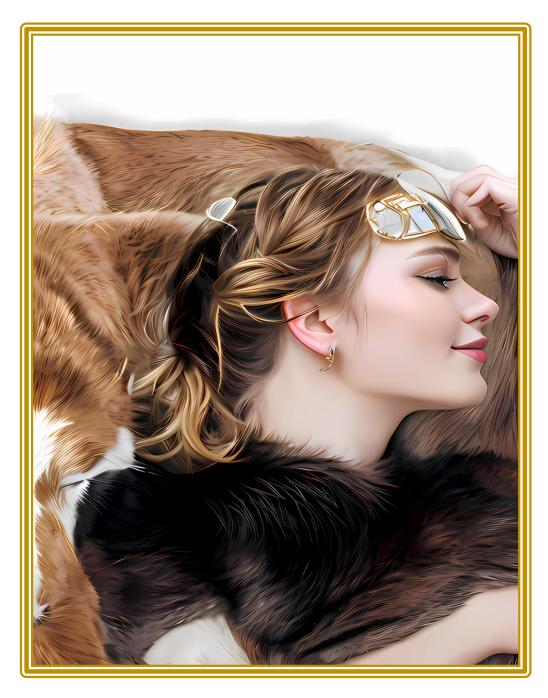
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



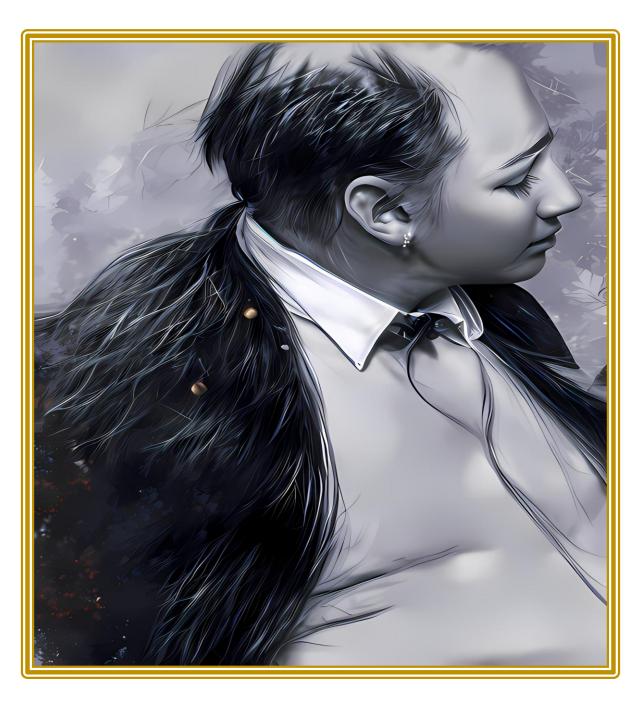
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



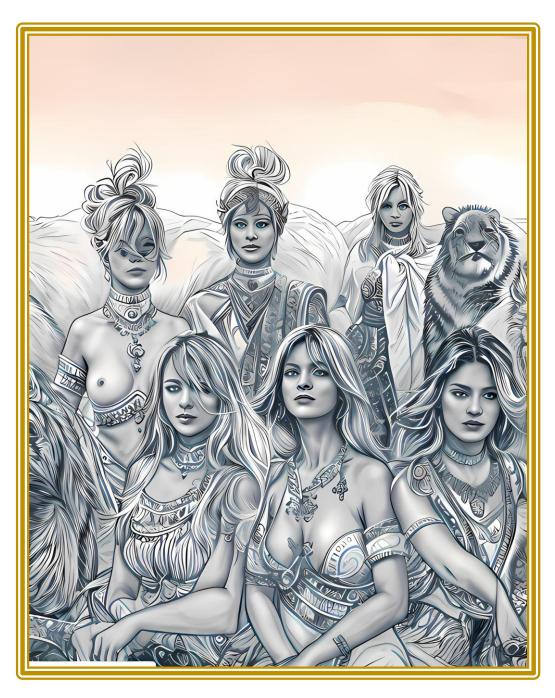
### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



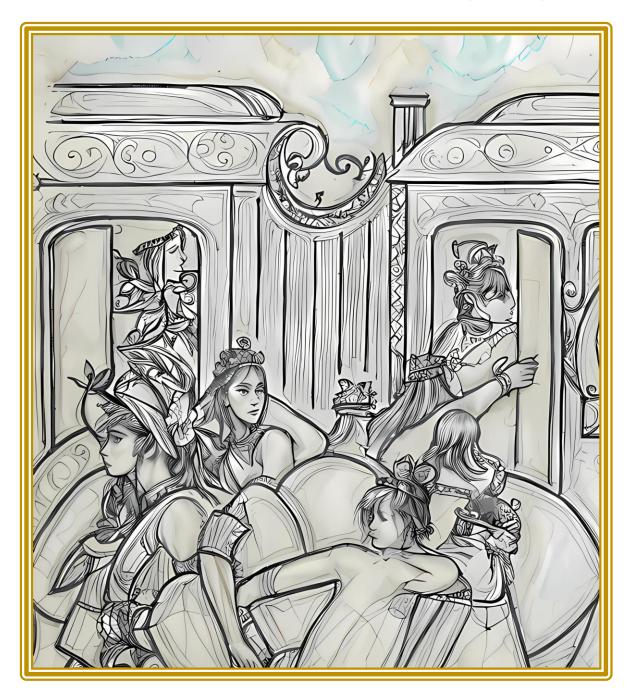
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



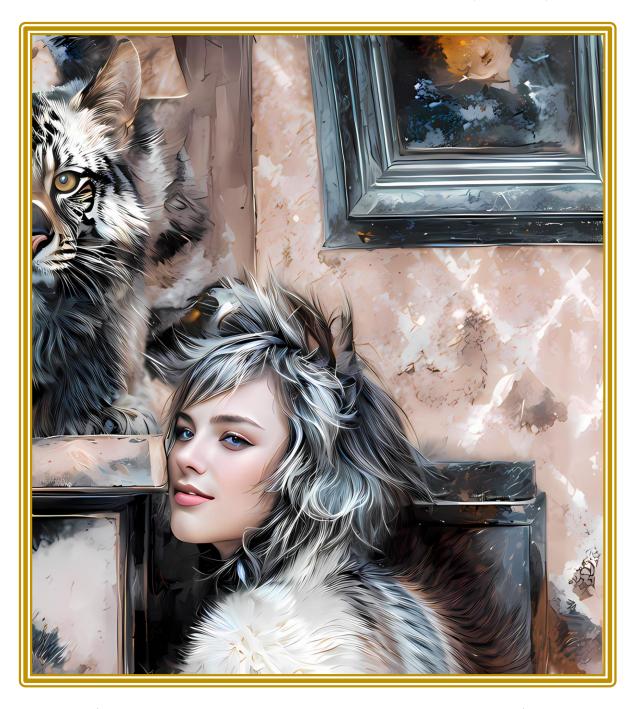
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



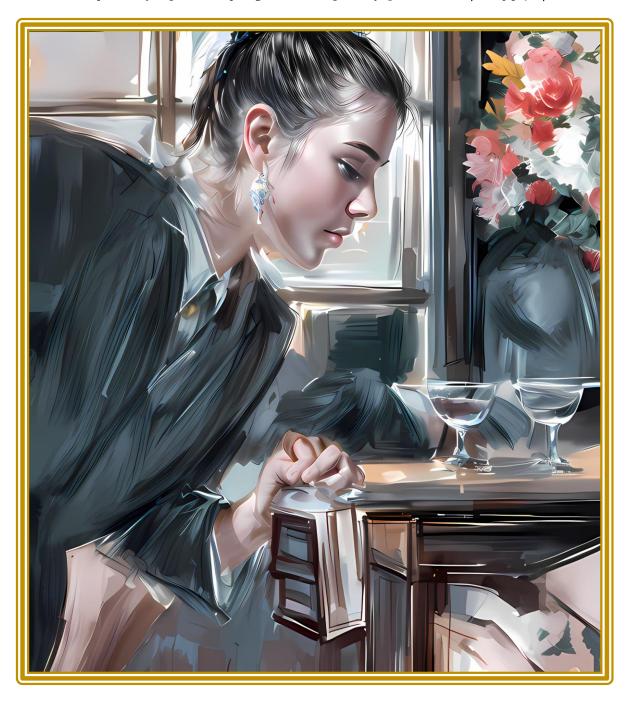
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



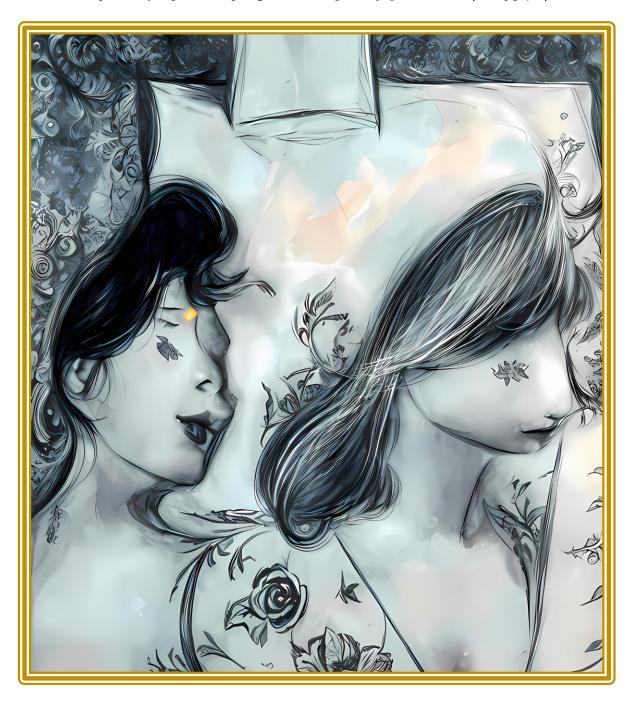
### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



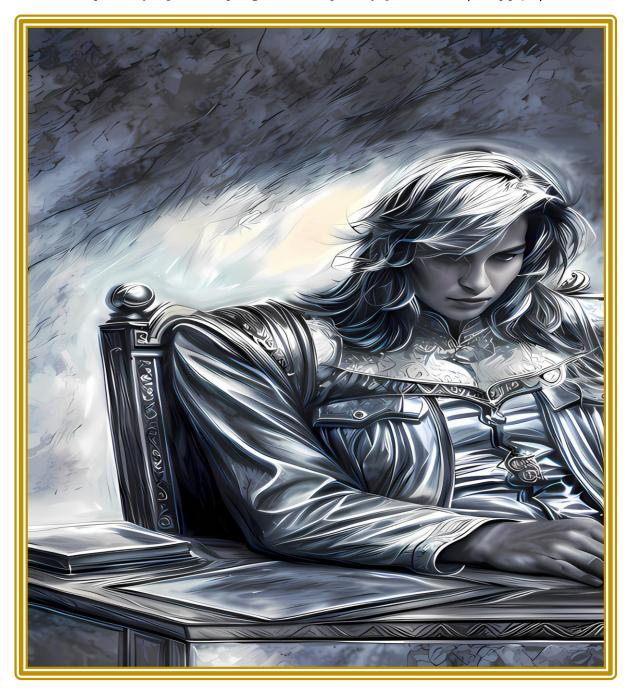
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



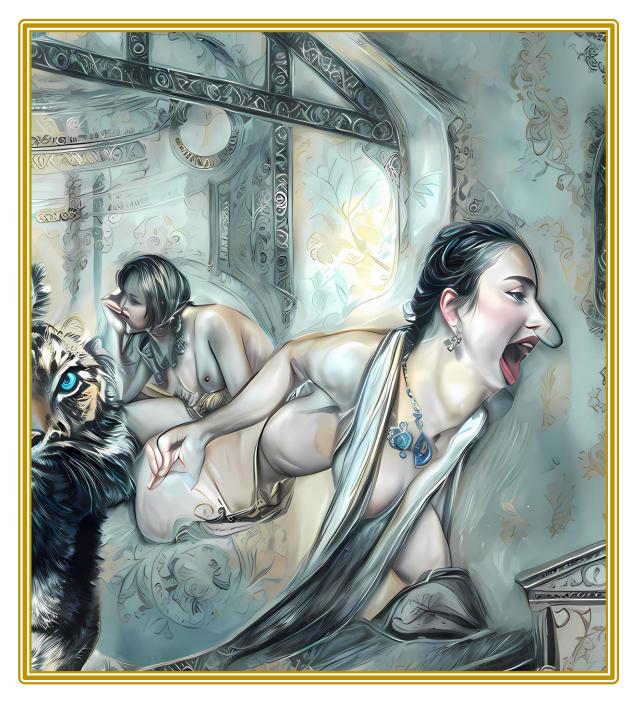
### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



# STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



这里有 200 多本免费电子书: There are over 200 free eBooks available here:

https://archive.org/search?query=creator%3A %22Emil%20West%22

### STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN

THE DAY BEFORE GODZILLA

DESTROYED TOKYO



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025

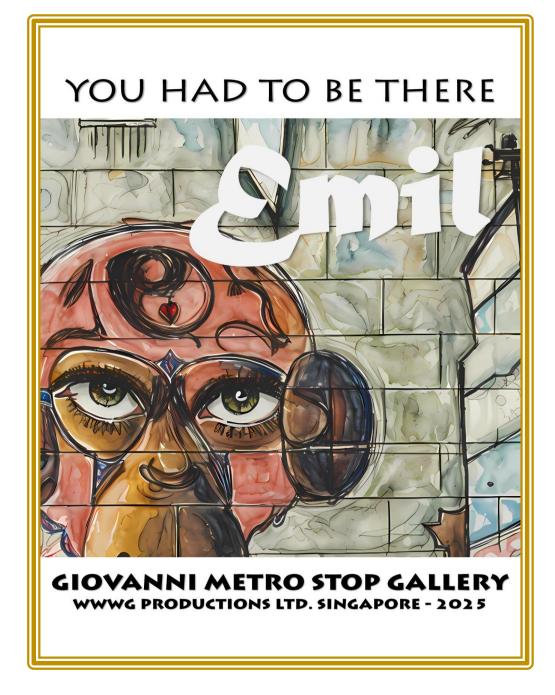
## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



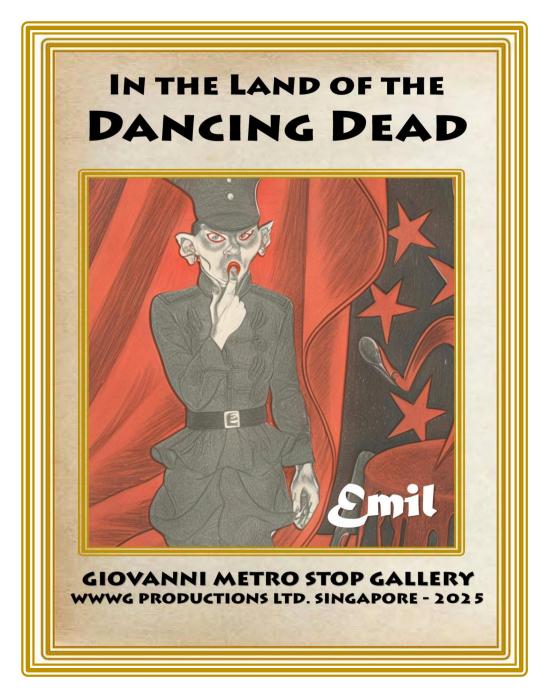


GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025

## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN



## STRANGE FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN

